

A letter from the son of a kind soul

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Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Dream SMP
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Characters:	Wilbur Soot , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Not canon to the main storyline , I repeat THIS IS JUST A DRABBLE , PHIL IS GONNA BE FINE , Angst , Hurt No Comfort , Grief/Mourning , Character Death , Revenge , I really recommend reading 'Change Fate by being aggressively kind' before this , because then it's not going to really hit that well , I will say again this is not canon , Our Phil is gonna be just fine , Pinky promise
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A letter from the son of a kind soul

by [sircantus](#)

Summary

'How could you?' The letter speaks, words written by a grief-stricken creature that has killed hundreds, and will kill thousands more in revenge. The very feeling of sorrow and rage seems to come through the paper, through the printed words. The words have been printed a thousand times over, spread throughout the lands, but the emotion never fades. The people read it again and again, and the emotion never fades the slightest bit.

'How could you just leave him to die? We would have left you alone, we would have let you live your lives peacefully, if you hadn't taken him away. We would have never been like this if you hadn't taken him away from us.'

[NOT CANON TO THE MAIN STORYLINE]

In another timeline where Phil is killed, Wilbur writes a letter.

Notes

Heads up that this takes place like years in the future of the current story line, like when Wilbur and Techno are grown up and Tommy is like, a teen. By this point, Phil and them had already settled down somewhere safe.

Also, this is in the universe of "Change fate by being aggressively kind", just to remind you

Is that all? Okay, I think that's all.

Enjoy

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It's too quiet in the house.

It's been a week since-

It's been a week, since the house went quiet, a week since they came home from a battle that was hardly fair, a week since Wilbur charmed an entire army to kill their own men, to kill themselves. A week since the battlefield was left leveled with fire and scattered bodies.

Tommy's been crying. He's cried the most, Wilbur thinks. He never leaves Phil's room, never leaves the bed. He holds onto a coat of Phil's and cries, and even now, Wilbur can hear his quiet sobs through the walls. Wilbur and Techno hold him as much as they can, but even in their arms, he still weeps.

Technoblade hasn't cried since they've come home. Or at least, not in front of Wilbur and Tommy. He's been tending to the flowers in the garden, keeping them alive.

"They were his last project." Techno had explained quietly, kneeling down in the dirt when Wilbur came to call for dinner. "He had wanted these to grow, and if we let them die, then..."

He stays tending to the flowers. Frighteningly gentle, staring at the petals and staring into nothing.

It's been a week. No soldiers have come to follow, no hunters have approached their home.

He supposes that the bloodbath that they left behind in the field is a good deterrent on its own. Most wouldn't want to approach the creatures who did that.

Wilbur writes a letter.

He writes a letter, addressed to the lands around him, to the people of the world. It is addressed to anyone who can read it, anyone who can get their hands on a copy. He asks for it to be spread, and it is, it is printed in newspapers, it is passed around by word of mouth, it is repeated and repeated, and it reaches nearly every person.

His words spread from towns to kingdoms, from the poorest peasants to the richest kings, sitting on their throne with a copy in their hand.

Monsters and people alike read it. He knows that any humans who read it, some will take it in sorrow, but most in horror. He knows that any monsters who read it will feel only pity, a select few feeling the rage that Wilbur feels.

Phil was well-loved. Wilbur knows for a fact that his words will set off anyone who knew the man, who met him and knew the kind look in his eyes. He knows, his letter will cause plenty of destruction before him and Techno can even start to think about their plan of retaliation.

He writes a letter.

'To the monsters and humans of the world, to those I've met, and to those who only have only ever heard of me and my family through rumors. To the hybrids that are like me, and to the humans who couldn't be farther. To the bastards who want nothing more than to have us dead, and to the few who wish us well.

This letter is to you. It is to anyone who can read, who can listen. This letter, is addressed most specifically to the people who have hunted my family down for nearly all my life.

I will not tell you my name, because I know you would not use it, you will not care. I won't bother to tell you who I am, because I know you already know. You know who I am, and you know who you are.

Take this letter as you wish, as a warning, as a threat, or as a simple message from a son who's lost his father.

I have only this to say.

How could you?

You know if this question is pointed towards you. You know if you are guilty or not. And so I ask you, how could you? How could you just leave him to die? We would have left you alone, we would have let you live your lives peacefully, if you hadn't taken him away. We would have never been like this if you hadn't taken him away from us.

Our dad died scared and alone, surrounded by men who were cruel and lacked mercy. He died without a goodbye, you took him away without letting us say goodbye. I will never forgive that. I will never forget that.

My little brother cries each night. I cannot console him. I cannot help him, I can't stop his pain, because you are the cause of it. You took his father away, and how can I possibly explain to him why?

My other brother hardly cries at all. He grieves quietly, very quietly, and he focuses on the flowers that sit in our garden. The flowers used to belong to our dad. He had wanted to plant them by the front of our house, and now he will never get to see the flowers bloom at all.

Do you think I am lying?

Do you read these words and think I am trying to garner sympathy? I would beg you to believe me, beg you to see the family you've broken, but I don't think I care anymore. I know you will not care. I know that you will still see us as how you have always seen us. Nothing more than a threat that will destroy the world you know. Three beings of destruction, holding too much power in their hands.

We carried his body home.

We buried him under the mountain he raised us by.

He raised us well. He raised us with love, he loved us each and every day, and you took that. He loved us so much, and we loved him back, and you took that.

Do you understand now why we can't just stand by?

I hope my words make you scared. I hope you feel scared, I hope you feel fear, when you realize what mistake you've made.

When we are done with our tears, you know we will come.

We will burn your towns, we will level your cities and return it all to the dirt. We will leave nothing behind. And when you look at that destruction, when you see the skies turn red from the fires, and you see the rivers turn red from the deaths, I hope you become horrified.

We would have left you alone. We would have never done this at all, do you really think I wanted this? I never wanted any of this.

All we wanted was for you to leave us alone. All we wanted was for a safe life, a safe home, with the single person who's held our hands.

But this, this destruction, that's what you want, isn't it?

Then you'll have it.'

End Notes

Looks at my hands oh hey, I am capable of angst! Nice.

Also, I would like to point out this is non-canon again. Phil ain't gonna die in the main storyline, haha, that would break me.

Thanks for readin

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